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To Charlie.
from Lydia

Bristol Jan 27th 1854.

THE WOUNDED BOY.

Arthur's Juvenile Library.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co
PHILAD^A.

THE

WOUNDED BOY,

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROOME.

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THE WOUNDED BOY.

BANG!

"Hark! I wonder if that isn't Harry Lee, with the fowling-piece his uncle sent him as a birth-day present?" said Freeman Dale, as the report of a gun startled him from the book which he had been for some time reading.

"Yes, mother, there he is," continued the boy; "and he has shot a bird. Let me go a gunning with him, won't you?"

"I'm afraid you'll get hurt. Guns are very dangerous things in the hands even of men, much more, thoughtless, careless boys. Suppose you were to get shot?" said the boy's mother.

"There isn't a bit of danger," replied Freeman, eagerly. "Not a bit of danger. Harry knows how to shoot as well as a man. And I've fired off a gun many a time. We'll be very careful. Harry's father and mother are not afraid to let him go out a gunning, and I don't see why you should be afraid to let me go. There's no danger."

"If not to you, there is a great deal of danger to the dear little innocent birds," said Mrs. Dale.

Freeman laughed at this. He thought his mother jesting. But it was not so. Mrs. Dale was in earnest.

"The beautiful birds! How could you think of hurting them? They never harmed you, nor any one," she said, with a serious expression of countenance.

Bang! went the gun again, and in a moment afterward a bird fell upon upon the ground near the window.

"See! see!" cried Freeman. "He has killed a bird!" And the excited boy ran

out, and picked up a poor robin red-breast, that Harry had shot in the wing and side. The bird was not dead; and of course fluttered, from pain and fear. But the anguish of the little sufferer made no impression upon the boys, who were too eager for more sport to think of the suffering that sport occasioned.

"How could you shoot a dear robin red-breast, Harry?" said Mrs. Dale, coming to the door.

"Didn't I hit him first-rate?" exclaimed the lad, the words of the lady not making the slightest impression on his mind. "I shot at arm's length. It's an elegant gun!"

"Oh mother, let me go, won't you?" said Freeman earnestly.

"Yes, do let him go, Mrs. Dale. I've come for him. The woods are full of birds, and we shall have such fine sport. I've got half a pound of powder and two pounds of shot. Father bought them for me, and said I might come and ask you to let Freeman go with me."

"Can't I go, mother? Say yes! Do!"

"And would you really like to shoot the sweet singing birds, that wake us so early in the morning with their pleasant music? It is such a cruel sport. Look at this dear little robin that Harry has wounded so dreadfully. See. Its wing is broken, and the shot has entered his side. How the blood oozes from the wound, and stains its glossy feathers! Poor bird!"

"Didn't I bring him down at the first crack!" exclaimed Harry Lee exultingly.

"Say yes, mother! Ah, do!" urged Freeman.

"And you wish to shoot the harmless birds?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, I do."

"How would you like to be shot?"

"Can't we go, Mrs. Dale?" asked Harry earnestly.

Seeing that all she could say made not the slightest impression upon the minds of the two lads, Mrs. Dale reluctantly gave her consent for Freeman to go. Her words

of caution in the use of the gun were not half uttered before the two boys were out of the reach of her voice. But, within hearing or out of hearing, it was all the same, for what she said made not the slightest impression upon them.

"Ah me!" sighed Mrs. Dale, as she turned into the house, "why will men invent such cruel sports? How full of evil must the heart be, when it can take delight in killing the beautiful birds that fill the air with song, and make the woods and fields bright with their rich plumage!"

Away went the boys with their gun. Many a bird fell beneath its deadly discharge, and many, many more were wounded, to suffer for hours, perhaps days, before death came to their relief. It mattered not whether it were a robin, a pigeon, a sparrow, or even a little wren—bang went the gun whenever a bird could be approached near enough to receive the fatal discharge. For hours was this cruel sport continued. Time was not thought off—

distance was unnoted. At length, hunger and fatigue brought back their thoughts from what they were doing, and they sat down to count their game, and make preparations for returning home. Harry had shot many times, and Freeman many times. They had almost filled their bird-bag.

"We have but one pigeon. I wish we had two," said Harry, "and then we could each have one."

"Let us draw lots for the pigeon," said Freeman.

"Agreed." And two sticks of unequal length were taken by Harry Lee, and held in his fingers.

"The longest takes the pigeon," he said. "Draw."

Freeman drew, and the longest came to his lot.

"The pigeon is mine," said he.

"One, two, three, four, five robins." Harry drew the red-breasts from the bag. "We shall have to draw lots again. There is an odd one."

"No, you take three and I'll take two. I've got the pigeon," said Freeman.

"See!" exclaimed Harry in a low voice. "There is a pigeon on that limb. He has just lit; I'll shoot him, and then we shall have a pigeon apiece."

He seized the gun, and swung it around hastily. A small twig had fallen upon the trigger, and, upon the first movement, sprang the lock and exploded the gun. Freeman screamed aloud, and fell upon the ground. A portion of the load had entered the fleshy part of his arm, just below the shoulder, causing great pain and terrible alarm. The sun was nearly down, and the boys were at least three miles from home, when this sad accident occurred. Harry dropped his gun and tried to raise Freeman up; but the lad was pale as death and unable to stand. The blood was pouring from his arm in a copious stream. Harry cried aloud for help, and it so happened that a man was passing near in a wagon. He stopped his horses and came to see what

was the matter. Alarmed at the condition of Freeman, he took him up hurriedly in his arms, and bore him to his wagon. Harry told him where he lived, and he drove his horses at a gallop, until he reached the house of Mrs. Dale.

You may suppose that Freeman's mother was dreadfully frightened when she saw the condition of her son. The doctor was sent for, who probed the wound for the purpose of extracting the shot, thereby causing the poor boy dreadful pain.

"Is there any danger?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Dale, after the doctor had carefully examined the wound.

"None, I think, madam," he replied. "But it is the most providential thing in the world that he was not killed. The deviation of an inch would have thrown the whole load into his chest."

The pain which Freeman suffered was very great. From some cause the wound inflamed and became dangerous. It was many weeks before he recovered, and then

he had not the use of his arm as before. Some of the muscles had received serious injury.

After the danger from inflammation of the wound was past, and while Freeman was yet confined to his chamber, his mother said to him one day—

"Have you never thought, my son, since you have been suffering with your arm, of the birds that you wounded on the day you were gunning with Harry Lee? Did you kill every one at which you shot?"

"No, indeed. I wounded a great many that got off among the trees, or hid themselves in the grass."

"With broken wings, or torn bodies. Poor birds! how they must have suffered. And they never harmed you, Freeman," continued Mrs. Dale.

The lad turned his face away.

"Hours, perhaps days, did these tender little creatures suffer from the dreadful wounds you cruelly inflicted upon them. Your sufferings have been severe; but how

much less than if the whole load from Harry's gun had entered your side, or torn away a leg or an arm. Think of the pain —horrible pain, that would have followed, ending, it might be in death. But in it all, you would have had a skilful physician, a comfortable home, and kind friends. But the poor bird, whose wing or leg you shot off, or into whose tender breast you sent the leaden charge from your gun, with equal suffering was doomed to lie upon the damp ground, or sit in pain upon some limb in the forest, until agony gave place to death. Ah, my son! it is a serious thing to cause suffering to any living creature. To do so, impelled by passion, is surely bad enough; but is it not worse to go forth deliberately, to seek pleasure by inflicting pain? to find delight in destroying an innocent bird, the beautiful workmanship of the hand of God? I am sure, now that you have had an opportunity to reflect, that you will never again be guilty of such inhuman conduct; that you will emulate

God's angels in the work of preserving all that is good and lovely, rather than evil spirits, whose greatest delight is in destruction."

"Poor birds!" said Freeman, in a voice that was full of regret for what he had done. "It was a cruel thing in me. You tried to make me see and feel this before; but I was so eager for the promised sport, that I could not think of the birds nor feel for them."

"If you are ever again tempted to shoot the birds, my son, remember your own sufferings and have pity upon them."

"I will never harm the birds again, mother," replied Freeman, with much earnestness. "It is wicked and cruel."

"Boys who are cruel to animals, are likely, when they become men, to be cruel to their fellows," remarked the mother. "If you wish to become a good man, you must shun all cruel acts in early life; for, if you do not, a cruel spirit will be formed in you, and no cruel man is a good man."

When Freeman was well enough to go out, his companions often tried to persuade him to join them in fowling; but his invariable reply was—

"It is a cruel sport, and I will not engage in it."

Freeman was right.

THE FISHING PARTY.

THREE apprentice boys, named Henry Peters, Edward Jones, and Charles Harper, met together a week or two before the Fourth of July, and made an agreement with each other to go upon a fishing excursion on that holiday. So, when the day came, they met, each with his basket of provisions, and took their way for the riverside, where the boat they had hired for the occasion, lay fastened to the shore.

Just as they were about stepping into the boat, Henry Peters drew a bottle out of his basket, and holding it up, said, while his face assumed a knowing look—

"Do you see that?"

"Halloo! What have you there?" cried Edward Jones.

"A pint of good old rye." And giving the bottle a shake, he held it up to see the liquor sparkle in the light.

"First-rate!" said Edward Jones. "But did you bring any sugar?"

"You may be sure I didn't forget that, nor a tumbler either. Don't I know what's good?"

Charles Harper didn't say a word, but his face instantly lost its cheerful expression and became sober.

"Come along, Charles!" said his companions, as one of them jumped into the light skiff, and the other stood at the bow, ready to launch it forth upon the water. But the lad did not move.

"Why don't you come along? What are you looking so serious about?"

"I wouldn't take that whisky," said Charles.

"Indeed! why wouldn't you?" asked Henry Peters.

"We don't want it!"

"What's the reason we don't? I'm sure I do."

"And so do I," spoke up Edward Jones.

"Well, I don't. And, unless you leave the whisky behind, I can't go."

"Heigh-ho! That's pretty fine! Why can't you go?"

"Because I belong to the temperance army."

"You do!" Both the lads speaking with much apparent surprise.

"Yes, I do."

"That's funny! Then you're a teetotaller."

"Yes, I am, and I'm not ashamed to own it anywhere."

"Suppose you are. That needn't hinder your going along. You needn't drink the whisky. We won't complain, for there'll be more left for us."

"No, boys; I can't go if the whisky-bottle goes," replied Charles, firmly.

"How silly! The bottle can't hurt you."

"No, not the bottle itself. But, it con-

tains an evil spirit, and you will let it out. So I mean to keep clear of bad company. You can choose, then, which you will have as a companion to-day, Charles Harper or the whisky-bottle. You can't have both."

The boy's manner satisfied Edward and Henry that he was fully in earnest, and this made them feel out of patience with him.

"You're a fool!" said Peter.

"Fool or not," returned Charles calmly, "I am in earnest. Whisky and I are enemies, not friends, and I am not going in its company. If you prefer to take it instead of me, you can do so. As I have already said, you can't take us both."

"Then you can stay!" said Edward, giving the skiff a strong push as he spoke, and springing into it at the same moment. The boat glided off from the shore, and left Charles Harper standing there alone. The two lads who had chosen a bottle of whisky for their companion in preference to a con-

cientious temperance-boy, had a good deal to say to each other about the foolish conduct of Charles, as they called it, while they pulled away at their oars in the direction of certain fishing grounds to which they had previously determined to go. But they did not feel very happy; and although neither acknowledged to the other the fact, both felt sorry that the whisky hadn't been given up for the sake of having so clever a boy as Charles Harper along. An hour's hard rowing brought them to the fishing ground. After anchoring the boat, the first thing was to mix a couple of glasses of whisky, water, and sugar, and drink them off. Then they threw their lines, and waited for the unwary fish to bite. But a whole hour passed without any thing more than a few light nibbles and the unaccountable disappearance of a good deal of bait.

"I wonder if we are in the right place?" at length remarked Edward Jones.

"I think so; but am not certain. Char-

ley could have told the exact spot. He knows."

"Oh yes. But precious little good his knowing does us."

"Yes, precious little! The miserable fellow! To set himself up in the way he did, and say that we shouldn't take liquor along unless he pleased."

The boys drew in their lines, threw them into the bottom of the boat fretfully, and sat for some time with disappointed faces.

"I'll never have any thing more to do with him," said Edward, who blamed all their want of success upon Charles Harper, who knew all the best fishing places.

"Nor I neither; the mean fellow!" said Henry Peters. "It was all a pretence any how. What harm was our drinking a little whisky going to do him!"

"He wanted to have his own way; that was all. But he missed his mark."

"Didn't he? But, come, let us try over by that stake."

"Very well."

"First we'll take another drink. I'm getting as dry as a fish."

"And so am I."

The bottle was again produced, and two strong glasses of whisky and water mixed, which the boys drank off with much apparent enjoyment. Then they took up their oars and pulled for another part of the river, in order to try their luck there. But the fish seemed determined not to bite at their hooks. What added to their disappointment was the fact that, not far off from where they had anchored their boat, was another fishing party, which had come upon the grounds after them, that were pulling in the fish as fast as they could throw their lines. After watching his motionless cork for nearly half an hour, Henry Peters drew in his line hastily, and tangling it all up in his hands, threw it into the bottom of the boat, exclaiming—

"There! Blast the fish! I'll not bait another hook to-day!"

"Let us go over near that boat," said Edward. "The fish bite there."

"No I wont."

And as Peters said this, he opened his basket, and commenced eating. Edward, after sitting a little longer with his line in the water, drew it up slowly, and then went to eating also. He did not feel in a very good humour. The abrupt manner in which his companion had answered his last proposition offended him. But the production of the whisky-bottle again quieted this feeling. Already the boys had drank more than their heads were fully able to bear; but this drinking had only created a stronger thirst, which was added to by the food they commenced eating. The fiery liquid was therefore taken with a freedom that produced intoxication.

It is almost always the case that persons under the influence of liquor are disposed to be quarrelsome. Before this last free application to the bottle, both of these foolish boys had lost the kind feelings usually

entertained toward each other, and now each felt self-willed and ill-natured. As soon as they finished eating and drinking, Peters said—

"I'm not going to stay here any longer," and commenced pulling up the anchor.

"Where are you going?" asked Edward, half angrily.

"I'm going over by that other boat."

"Well, I'm not," replied Edward.

"You're not?"

"No."

"We'll see," said Henry Peters, who had by this time got the large stone, that served as an anchor, to the surface of the water.

"Very well. We will see!" returned Edward, grasping, as he spoke, an upright stake near which the stern of the boat swung.

Henry tugged away at the stone, endeavouring to lift it from the water into the boat. Two or three times he came near losing his balance and tumbling into the river. At last he was successful. As the

stone fell into the boat, he fell with it and bruised himself against one of the seats. Rising in a passion, he caught hold of the oars, and after getting them into the water, called out to Edward, in an angry, commanding voice—

"Let go, I tell you!"

As he spoke, he commenced pulling with the oars. But Edward held on to the stake, and of course the boat did not move an inch.

"Let go, you ——."

And Henry Peters used some dreadfully wicked language, which we care not to repeat. To this Edward Jones, who was, like his companion, badly intoxicated, replied in words equally profane.

"If you don't let go, I'll knock you overboard with this oar!" now cried Peters, exasperated beyond all self-control.

"No you won't," said Edward.

"Won't I!" retorted Peters, and with that he swept the oar around, and striking Edward upon his shoulder, destroyed his

balance, and caused him to fall headlong into the water. Almost at the same moment, Henry Peters himself staggered back, and went overboard. Both of the boys could swim; but, alas! whisky had deprived them of the skill and strength to save themselves. Twice they came to the surface, and each time struggled to reach the boat; but their efforts were in vain, and they sank hopeless and exhausted down into the deep water!

After Charles Harper was left upon the shore, because he would not go in company with a whisky-bottle—and what has been related, plainly enough shows that he had good reason to object to so dangerous a companion—he began to feel a good deal of concern about the two boys who had gone off by themselves. In thinking about it, precisely what did occur afterward, seemed to him very likely to take place, and the thought troubled him. It so happened, that while yet upon the shore, reflecting upon the matter, another fishing

party came, and while unmooring their boat, he saw among them two temperance-lads, whom he very well knew. To them he stated what had occurred, and they told the others of the party, who all belonged to the Cadets of Temperance. Immediately they invited Charles to go along, at the same time proposing to keep as near as possible to the boys with the whisky-bottle, and see that they came to no harm.

It was this party that, under the direction of Charles Harper, were upon the right fishing ground, and drew in such quantities of fish in sight of Edward and Henry, who threw their lines in vain. The moment they saw these lads fall overboard, they dropped their lines, and pulled toward them with might and main. By diving into the water, they succeeded in rescuing their insensible bodies, which were conveyed to the shore, where every means were used to restore them to life. Happily, these efforts were successful.

Great, indeed, was the surprise of these

foolish boys, when brought back to life, to find themselves in bed, and Charles Harper standing over them. When all was explained, they shed tears of gratitude.

It was the last time they ever chose rum for a companion. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is their motto, and we trust it will remain so through life.

A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.

"FATHER, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something in the garden."

Harry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even

MR. PARKER'S GARDEN.

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disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son," said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look! We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the vines in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road; so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said—

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"Oh, father!" replied the little boy, "I never saw such poor-looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as

the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes, that is just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briers, if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds; and they must be as carefully tended, and even more carefully, than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you become a man, resemble the weed-co-

vered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father; your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briers. It won't yield half as much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think I would be right, if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his son, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply; but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and grow, and produce plentifully. Now which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind

be overrun with weeds, or go to school, and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry. "But, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it certainly will be, if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school, is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it, too. He never again asked to stay home from school.

THE LITTLE MATCH-BOY.

A POOR lad, whose father had died in the Almshouse, and whose mother spent half of her earnings in drink, was compelled to go upon the street and pick up a few pennies by selling matches. His name was John Harvey. John was only six years old when his father died; but young as he was, his mother drove him into the street to earn something.

John felt afraid, at first, when he went, all by himself, into the crowded places of the city. He had a little paper-box under his arm, and this box was filled with matches. For hours he wandered about, his little timid voice appealing to those

who passed him, to buy of his humble merchandise. But not a box could he sell. Tired and hungry, he at last thought of going home; but when he attempted to get back, he could not find the way.

Poor fellow! He was dreadfully frightened; and it is no wonder that he began to cry. Think of your little brother Harry or Eddy, all alone in the streets of a great city like New York.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked a kind-hearted man, who saw John standing at a corner of one of the streets with the tears running down his cheeks.

"I don't know the way home," replied John.

The gentleman asked where he lived; and when John informed him, he took him to the next street, and told him that if he kept straight along it, he would come to his home. John was so glad to hear this, that he did not even stop to thank the man, but ran off as fast as his feet could carry him. Poor child! No pleasant reception

awaited him at home, for he had not sold a single box of his matches. Instead of being met with kind words, he was scolded severely, and driven off, supperless, to bed.

On the next morning, John's mother sent him out again, with directions to go into the stores and through the market-house, and not to dare to come home until he had sold every box of his matches:

"For if you do," said she, "I'll nearly skin you alive."

Thrust forth again, the unhappy child wandered off from his home. But, though he asked almost every one he met, and went into the shops and houses, hours passed without his finding any one to buy his matches. Some paid no attention to him, others said, "No—no," very crossly, and others drove him out of their stores with harsh or threatening words. Tired at last and hungry, the poor little boy sat down upon a cellar-door, and began to cry bitterly. A great many persons passed him without stopping to inquire the cause

of his sorrow. At last, however, a man more considerate, or kinder than the rest, stopped and asked what troubled him.

"Nobody 'll buy my matches," said John, looking up into the gentleman's face.

"Well, suppose they won't! what good is crying going to do?"

"Mother says she'll skin me, if I don't sell them."

"Indeed! Poor child! Let me see how many you have."

John held up his box. It contained a quarter of a dollar's worth of matches.

"Must you sell them all?" inquired the man.

"Yes, sir. Mother says I mustn't dare to come home until every box is sold."

"The wretch!" muttered the man as he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a twenty-five cent piece.

"Here," said he, as he reached forth the coin. "I'll buy your matches."

Quick as a flash the child started to his feet, and extended one hand for the money,

while, with the other, he held up his box of merchandise. The man retained it for a moment, and then said—

"Here, take your matches again, I don't want them."

The countenance of the child instantly became sorrowful. Slowly he reached back the hand which held the money he had received.

"No—no. Keep the money," said the man quickly, seeing the child's mistake, "and keep the matches also. I don't want them."

And with this he turned from the boy and went his way.

As the gentleman who had been so kind to the poor match-boy was sitting in his comfortable home, with his family around him, on the evening that followed, he took upon his knee a child just about the age of little John Harvey, and said, speaking to the happy circle in the midst of which he sat—

"Just to think of dear little Harry being

turned out into the streets with a box full of matches, and threatened with a whipping if he came home without selling every one of them."

"Dreadful! What put that into your thoughts?" said the mother, a shadow falling over her face.

"The fact that I found to-day, a child, just about his age, crying in the street, because he couldn't sell his matches. He had about two shillings' worth, and said his mother had threatened to skin him if he didn't sell them."

"Oh! cruel! Can it be possible that there is a mother so inhuman?"

"Intemperance destroys all that is human in the mind. The mother of the child is, doubtless, idle and drunken."

"Did you buy his matches?" eagerly asked a lad about twelve years old.

"Yes, I bought them."

"Where are they?"

"I gave them back again to the poor little fellow."

"I wish you had found out where he lived," said the mother, after sitting silent for some time. "A child like that ought not to be left in the hands of one who will abuse and corrupt him. He may be innocent now; but in a few years he will become hardened and vicious."

"I have felt sorry a good many times to-day that I didn't ask him where he lived. He had an innocent face, and was far too young and helpless to be thrust forth as he has been."

For some time the little match-boy was the subject of conversation. The conclusion of the parents was, that, unless some kind person took him out of the hands of his cruel mother, he would grow up in suffering, vice, and crime; and, instead of becoming a good, useful, and happy man, end his life either in a prison or on the gallows.

What was said made a deep impression on the mind of William, the oldest boy. On the next morning, soon after breakfast, without saying any thing about what was

in his mind, he started out in order to search for the match-boy.

When Mr. Edgar, that was the name of William's father, came home at dinner-time, he was a little surprised to find an addition to his family in the person of the child who had so excited his sympathies on the day before.

"Oh, papa!" said William, with great earnestness, as soon as his father entered, "I've found him."

"Found who, my son?" inquired Mr. Edgar.

"Why, the little match-boy you told us about last night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I've brought him home. He's down-stairs in the kitchen with Nancy."

"He is?"

"Yes, indeed! And won't you take him away from his cruel mother? I asked him if she didn't drink whisky, and he said that she did. He's got no father."

In the cares of business, Mr. Edgar had forgotten the match-boy, and when informed that William had found him and brought him into the house, did not, at first, feel altogether pleased. However, he kept this feeling from being seen; for William had acted from a kind and noble spirit, and he did not wish to discourage his good impulses. He had John brought up from the kitchen, when he asked him many questions. His answers, given with great simplicity, convinced Mr. Edgar that it was his duty, seeing that the child had been thrown in his way, to have him taken out of the hands of his mother, and placed under the care of those who would watch over and guard his young feet, lest they wandered into evil paths.

Having once seen what it was right for him to do, Mr. Edgar did not hesitate. Learning from John where his mother lived, he went to see her. She occupied a room in the upper story of a house in one of the vilest parts of the city. The only furni-

ture it contained was a chair and an old broken table, with a few pieces of carpet on the floor, that served as a bed. The woman herself was so much intoxicated that she could understand but little that Mr. Edgar said to her.

Satisfied that it was right to separate the child from such a home and such a mother, Mr. Edgar, after keeping John for a few days, had him entered at the Farm-school, where he was more comfortable and far happier than he had ever before been. His mother was soon afterward removed to the Almshouse.

Ten years passed away, and William Edgar, grown up to man's estate, had, unfortunately, fallen into the company of idle, dissolute young men, and entered upon a course of life the end whereof was destruction. A favourite place of resort was at a tavern on the Bloomingdale road; where, with his gay drinking companions, he spent half a day two or three times every week. One Sunday afternoon, after having

driven his horse half over the island, young Edgar drew up at this tavern. Two or three friends were there, and he drank with them so freely that the effect was plainly visible. He had strayed, with his companions, through the grounds attached to the hotel, and nearly down to the river; their loud laughing, talking, and singing, plainly enough indicating the fact that they had all partaken too freely of the cup of confusion. Just as they were passing near a young man who sat in a little shaded nook, reading, one of them, addressing Edgar, called him by name. After ranging about for some time, they all returned to the hotel.

As soon as they had retired, the young man who, from the moment Edgar's name was mentioned, had been observing them with much interest, arose, and thrusting his book into his pocket, followed them.

Edgar, after going back to the hotel, sat down in the porch, and when the young man, or rather stout lad, just alluded to,

reached the house, he found him alone. Going up to him, he said with a respectful air—

"You don't know me, Mr. Edgar, of course."

"No, I do not," replied Edgar, a little rudely.

"Though I shall have cause to remember you to the latest day of my life."

"Indeed! And pray who are you?"

"Do you remember the little match-boy you sought after, in the street, ten years ago, and brought home to your father's house?"

Edgar's mind was confused by drink. But a little effort brought the whole matter fresh into his recollection.

"Why yes, I do," he replied. "What has become of him?"

"I am he," said the young man.

"You!"

"Yes, sir. From the Farm-school, where I was well taken care of, I was apprenticed to a good trade, which I am now learning.

How different would have been my lot, had not your kind feelings been the means of saving me from a most wretched and degraded life. Just at the right moment, you came and rescued me. And now, Mr. Edgar, let me repay this good act of yours."

The young man paused.

"How will you repay it?" asked William Edgar, whose feelings were softening under the memories of earlier times, suddenly awakened by this unexpected interview.

"By doing all that I can to save you, as you once did to save me!"

"Save me. I do not understand you!"

Young Edgar drew himself slightly up.

"I need not tell you," said John Harvey, in a voice that was eloquent with feeling, "that the way of life you are now in, leads to swift destruction. Oh! sir. Let me beg of you, by the recollection of that happy home in which I passed a few days many years ago, and by the memory of the loving mother whose smile was its sunshine,

to pause and retrace your steps ere it is too late. Pardon my boldness! Gratitude impels me to speak these words of warning."

And saying this, Harvey turned and walked hurriedly away.

The anger that for a moment burned upon the cheek of Edgar, died instantly before a most overpowering sense of the truth of what had just been uttered. For a few minutes he sat motionless: then rising, he passed through the hall, and ordering his vehicle, jumped into it, and drove off for the city at a rapid rate.

The timely warning proved effectual. From that day William Edgar gave up his wild companions, and quit drinking altogether. He is now one of the most promising young men in the city.

Thus it is, that the good we do often returns to bless us after many years.

THE DEATH-BED.

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THE DEATH-BED.

"DEAR MOTHER! What is the meaning of this picture? Is it somebody dying, mother?"

"Yes, my child. A brother and sister are bending over their dying mother. They are weeping bitterly, for the loss to them will be very great. That mother has loved them, cared for them, and been their guide and kind instructor from childhood up, and now she is about being taken away from them. Would you not weep if I were to be taken from you?"

"Oh! you will not be taken away from us!" said the boy, catching eagerly hold of his mother's hand, and looking up into her face while tears came into his eyes.

"I hope not, dear," said the mother, gently, laying her hand upon the head of her child. "I hope the Lord will let me be with you for yet many years. But you know, my boy, we must all die—that we are only to live here a short time, and that this time is given to us in order that we may prepare for heaven."

"Heaven is a beautiful place," said the child, speaking quickly, while his countenance brightened.

"Yes, it is the most beautiful and excellent place in the Lord's universe," replied the mother.

"And we will go there when we die?"

"Yes, if we are good."

"How can we be good, mother?"

"The way to be good is to refrain from doing any thing that is evil. We must not lie, nor steal, nor covet our neighbour's goods. We must seek the good of others more than our own good."

"Oh, I will try to be good, for I want to go to heaven when I die," said the boy.

"If I die before I am a man, will I go there?"

"Oh, yes."

"And now I remember, you told me, once, that if I were to die, I would have an angel mother to love me and take care of me, just as you do now."

"Yes, and she would love you more than I do, and take better care of you."

"Oh no," said the child, "I am sure no angel could love me better than my own dear mother loves me;" and he threw his arms around his mother's neck, and laid his head upon her bosom. "I don't want to die and leave you," he said, after a little while, speaking in a lower voice, "but if the Lord should call me, I would have to go."

"Yes, dear. 'The Lord's will be done,' for he is good and wise, and knows what is best for us."

"I don't think I would be afraid to die," said the child.

"None of us should be afraid to die," re-

plied his mother, "for death is only the going to sleep of our bodies in this, and the awakening up of our spirits in the other world, which is a better and happier world than the one we now live in. We should be afraid to do any thing wrong, but not afraid to die."

"Going to sleep—going to sleep," repeated the child, over and over again. "Death, then, is only going to sleep in this world, and awaking up in the next. Oh no! I am not afraid to die."

"Nor need any but the evil fear to die. If we obey God's commandments, death will be to us a sweet sleep, and we shall afterward awake in heaven with great joy."

BROTHER AND SISTER.

"ALFRED," said a mother in whose life-glass the sands were ebbing low, Alfred, my dear boy! I shall be with you only a little while longer. To your care I commit this dear child, your sister, now sleeping before you so sweetly. Alone you will be in the world. Love her, Alfred, and care for her. Be to her father, mother, and brother, all in one."

The mother's voice was here choked with sobs, and she sank back, exhausted, upon the pillow from which she had arisen. The boy, scarcely comprehending the nature of the evil about to befall him, or the importance of the solemn charge he was

receiving, wept in sympathy, and mingled his tears with those of his fast-failing parent.

A few weeks afterward, Alfred Lovell, an orphan, stood beside his little sister Mary at the graves of both their parents. Long rank grass covered that of their father; but the earth was heaped up, yellow and verdureless, above the spot where the mother's faded remains had been consigned to their eternal rest. But ten years old, Alfred scarcely comprehended the extent of his loss; and little Mary, who had seen only half as many summers, smiled from her own pleasant thoughts, while the mourners stood with bowed heads, and the preacher's voice was raised in solemn prayer.

Back from the old burial-place, where, beneath the shadow of two elms that had braved the storms of a century, were made the graves of their parents, the children returned to the home in which they had lived since the light of existence dawned upon them. But this was no longer to be their

home. Relatives, into whose keeping the children now fell, decided upon their separation. Mary was taken by an aunt, a Mrs. Edwards, to raise as her own child, and Alfred was sent away some two hundred miles to a boarding-school, there to remain until his education was completed. A small property had been left, and this was invested for their benefit.

Not until the lapse of four years did the brother and sister meet again. Mary, now in her tenth year, was playing with her doll, one morning in August, when a tall lad entered the room where she sat, and stood looking at her for some moments.

"Mary!" he at length said, in a voice that slightly trembled.

The child started and looked up into his face eagerly.

"Mary, don't you know your brother Alfred?" said he, with something of disappointment in his tone.

Quick as thought the child sprang from her chair, and, throwing her arms around

the lad, hid her face on his bosom and cried for joy.

A happy meeting was it for the brother and sister, after this long separation. Alfred had been permitted to visit his aunt, and spend with Mary his August vacation. For reasons, satisfactory at least to those who had the guardianship of the children, they had not been permitted to see each other since the death of their mother, until this time. Nor would the meeting now have been allowed but for the interference of a relative, who spoke so strongly against the particular reasons which influenced the aunt who had adopted Mary, in her views of separation, that the latter waived the objections which, heretofore, kept the brother and sister in the relation of strangers to each other.

A happy meeting, as we have said, was this for the brother and sister. Scarcely a moment were they apart during the three or four weeks that Alfred remained with

Mrs. Edwards, their aunt—weeks that flew by as if they had been only days.

At the time of their separation, Mary was too young to comprehend the nature of the loss she had sustained—a loss scarcely felt in consequence of the tender care with which she was received into the family of Mrs. Edwards, who having no children of her own, permitted her affections to flow forth and centre upon the child of her adoption. She did not, therefore, bear in her mind a very strong remembrance of her mother. It was far different in the case of Alfred. With the death of his last surviving parent came a sad change for him. At once he was removed from all the pleasant associations of early life, and his lot cast among unsympathizing strangers. A child of but ten years, how painful were his first experiences! How yearningly, in the sad homesickness that followed, did his heart go back to the old place! How vividly arose in his mind images of former

times, in which his mother's presence made the joy and the sunshine! Then the music of her voice was in his ears, and he could feel the gentle pressure of her hand upon his head.

Sad indeed was his first year's experiences. After this the native lightness of his spirits reacted. He became a boy among boys, full of life and activity; and what was worse, imbibed, too readily, the vices of those with whom he was thrown into association. On being permitted to visit his aunt, who lived near by the old homestead, every object that he saw brought back the past and filled his mind with old associations. Daily, with Mary by his side, he rambled about among the scenes so well remembered, connecting with each familiar thing that met his sight some incident that was half forgotten.

One day, soon after his return, he had wandered some distance from the residence of his aunt, with Mary, his almost constant companion, by his side, when he found him-

self near the graveyard where rested all that was mortal of his parents.

"Our father and mother were buried here, Mary," said he, as he leaned upon the fence that enclosed the spot sacred to the ashes of the dead; "let us go in and look at their graves."

A feeling of sadness had come over the boy. Most vividly did he remember the time when he saw the coffin of his mother lowered into the earth, and heard the hollow rattling of the clods upon the narrow house in which she was sleeping. Climbing the fence, Alfred assisted Mary over, and in a few minutes they were standing beside the grass-covered hillocks that marked the resting-place of their parents. It was the first time Mary had been there since her mother's burial; and that scene had so faded from her memory, that scarcely a vestige remained. But tears were in Alfred's eyes, and slowly falling over his face; she wept with him, and felt sad at heart.

Word for word of the solemn charge the

boy's mother had given him, on her dying bed, concerning his sister, came up in his memory; and as he drew his arm around Mary, and bent down and kissed her, he resolved never to forget this last sacred injunction. Vivid was the impression that all this made upon the heart of Mary: young as she was, it fixed itself so deeply, that she never afterward could forget it.

When the vacation closed, Alfred went back to school, and five years elapsed before he was again permitted to see his sister. He was then a tall, handsome young man, and she a beautiful girl in her fifteenth year. They met with the warmest demonstration of affection, and spent two or three weeks together. Then they separated again—Alfred to enter a mercantile house in New York, and Mary to remain with her aunt, who lived about twenty miles from Philadelphia.

In passing through college, Alfred Lovell had acquired habits of a dangerous kind. With three or four young men from the

South, who were always well supplied with money, he had formed an intimate acquaintance, and, following their example, indulged himself in every sensual gratification within his reach. On leaving college, the president of the institution, who had observed with pain the evil habits acquired by the young man, earnestly warned him of the danger that was in his path. But the warning had little effect.

With no one to counsel, and no home circle into which affection could draw him, the position of Alfred Lovell was even worse in New York than while he was at college. At the end of two years, when he attained his majority and came into the possession of about ten thousand dollars, he needed a guardian more than at almost any former period of his life. Among the vices into which he had fallen, that parent of all other vices, the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, was included. This placed him in the highway to ruin.

"Alfred," said the merchant in whose

counting-room the young man had been for two years, "I wish to speak a word with you in private."

Alfred Lovell, anticipating some proposition looking to his future worldly advantage, accompanied the staid, thrifty merchant, into his private room.

"Alfred," said this individual, after they were seated, "you are now of age."

The young man bowed.

"For two years," continued the merchant, "you have been in my service, and I have found you intelligent in business matters, and, in the main, true to my interests. During the whole of this time, I have observed you closely, with a purpose in my mind. That purpose was to see how far it would be desirable to connect you and my son in business in a branch of our house in Cincinnati."

Alfred felt an instant elevation of spirits, and saw himself, thus connected, in the highway to fortune.

"But"—how that little word dashed his

feelings—"I am sorry to say that your habits are of so loose and dangerous a character, that I do not think it safe to make the association contemplated. I would not have pained you by this announcement but in the hope that the pain would be salutary, and lead to an entire reformation in your habits. You now see how a young man, who indulges in drinking and other vices, mars his prospects for life. Capital is always ready to seek out the right hand of ability; but it as carefully regards sobriety and moral character as it does ability; for there is no safety in the latter unless guaranteed by the former."

It so happened, that in the elation of feeling consequent upon the arrival of his twenty-first birthday, Alfred had, during the morning, indulged freely in drinking champaign with some friends. In consequence, his mind was neither very clear nor well balanced. But for this, he would not have replied as he did.

"Was I brought in here merely to suffer

insult?" he exclaimed, when the merchant ceased speaking.

"No," was calmly replied. "My purpose was to startle you into a vivid consciousness of your danger, in the hope of saving you from the ruin that must come if you go forward in the path you have entered."

"I thank no one for such interference in my affairs!" retorted the blind and heated young man.

"Very well, sir! very well!" answered the merchant; the anger he felt at this reaction beginning to manifest itself. "I shall interfere no more. Go your own way; and when it ends in destruction, remember that you were forewarned. I had intended offering you an increase of salary; but now I would prefer retaining you in my service no longer. When a young man gives me any impertinence, I dismiss him. You are at liberty to get yourself another place."

Alfred attempted to reply; but the merchant waved him from the room with an

imperative motion of the hand, at the same time turning from him to the desk at which he had seated himself.

The young man then retired, but with more sober feelings than when he came in. Soon after, he left the store. How suddenly had the bright morning that opened on his majority become clouded! And from his own evil habits went up the vapours that obscured the sun.

Stung to the quick at having being dismissed from the service of the merchant, young Lovell shrank from applying to any other house of the city for a situation as clerk.

"I'll go into business," said he to himself, as he sat reflecting on the position in which he found himself placed. "I have capital, and I have, also, the requisite mercantile knowledge."

From that moment his thoughts ran in a new channel. After the required preliminaries, Alfred came fully into possession of the little property left to him at the

death of his mother; and, on this basis, before he attained his twenty-second year, commenced business for himself.

The early and long-continued separation between the brother and sister had wrought so entire an estrangement, that they rarely thought of each other. Twice, since he left college, had Alfred visited Mary; but she appeared shy of him, and he did not feel very strongly attracted toward her.

As the sister's mind developed toward womanhood, however, she began to think oftener and with an awakening interest of her brother. This interest was quickened into life when she attained her eighteenth year; and, from that time, her heart turned toward him with an affectionate concern that gained strength daily. The cause of this change we will relate.

There had been found among the papers of Mrs. Lovell, after her death, a sealed letter addressed to her daughter, to be placed in her hands when she attained her eighteenth year. The request of the de-

ceased mother was complied with at the proper time. Her letter was as follows:

"My dear Daughter:—As I write this, you are playing about my room, a happy child, and all unconscious of the great loss you will soon have to bear in the death of your mother. Not long have I now to remain upon the earth. The sands in my glass have run low; the lifeblood in my heart is ebbing; a few more fluttering pulses, and my spirit will take its flight from earth. Ah, my child! not until you are yourself a mother, can you understand how I am distressed at the thought of leaving you alone in this selfish and cruel world! But I will not linger on this theme.

"Mary, when this letter is placed in your hands, you will be a woman—with the heart, I trust, as well as the developed mind of a woman. Your aunt Helen has promised to take you, and raise you as her own child. You, therefore, will scarcely feel,

I hope, your loss. But it will be different with your brother Alfred. A somewhat wayward boy, he has never made many friends, and none will be so patient and forbearing toward him as I have been. Most probably he will be sent to some boarding-school, and kept there until old enough to commence the study of a profession. There will be no mother's care for him—no sister's loving and gentle ministrations. And thus he will grow up and become a man. Ah! how my heart trembles as I think of the dangers that will surround him as he enters the world, free from the restraints of guardianship, and unprotected by the sphere of home. It is for him, Mary—your brother—that I now address you; and my purpose is to awaken in your mind for him something of the anxious interest that I feel. Where is he now, Mary? (I speak as though years have elapsed.) What is he? Do you know? When did you see him last? I put these questions with trembling anxiety. Has he wandered from the

right path in search of forbidden pleasures? and is he tasting already the bitter fruit that hangs from every tree that grows along the way of transgression? If so, yours is the holy mission to bring him back. From the world of spirits let my voice come to your ears with this injunction.

"If the fears I now express be groundless—if my dear boy has passed thus far through the fiery ordeal, untouched by the flame, draw close to his side. In a sister's pure, unselfish, devoted love lies a brother's safety.

"May the God of all mercies bless you and keep you free from evil, my child. This is the tearful prayer of YOUR MOTHER."

For a while, after reading this letter, Mary's feelings were overwhelmed. It was more than a year since she had seen Alfred, or even heard from him. But few letters had ever passed between them. For some months previous to the time when

her mother's letter was placed in her hands, Mary had thought a good deal about Alfred, and a purpose to write to him came more than once into her mind. Now, she no longer hesitated.

Two years have passed since Alfred Lovell became a man, his prospects for life marred in consequence of his early indulgence in the vice of drinking. As we have seen, he determined to invest his ten thousand dollars in business, and begin the world for himself; and this determination was acted upon. Had he reformed his habits, abandoned his pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking associates, and put himself earnestly down to business, success, under the circumstances, would still have been doubtful; but as he gave himself a greater license than before, his ruin was inevitable. Two years were sufficient to involve him beyond the hope of extrication. As difficulties closed around him, Alfred Lovell, in whom the appetite for drink had been steadily increasing, indulged himself more

and more freely. Nightly he drowned the anxiety and care of the day in the cup whose dregs are bitterness itself.

One morning, when his affairs were at their worst, after taking his usual strong glass of brandy, to steady his nerves, and drive away, as he sometimes said, the "blue devils," he went to his store, to commence the business of the day. It was to be a hard day; for several thousand dollars in notes fell due, and there was no balance to his credit in bank. Where the means to lift these notes were to come from, was more than Lovell could tell. He had borrowed in all quarters, from business friends, so heavily that little more could be expected from this source. There had come, in fact, a crisis in his affairs; and unless relief presented itself in some unexpected quarter, his failure that day was inevitable.

Lovell had been in his place of business about half an hour, when a clerk came in from the post-office, and handed him a couple of letters. One of these contained a

draft for a few hundred dollars from a customer; the other was from his sister Mary. He started, as his eyes rested upon the signature of the last letter. Its contents affected him visibly. They were—

"My dear Brother:—It is long since I have either seen you or heard from you. Born of the same mother, whose love even the grave has not extinguished, is it right for us to be to each other so like strangers? Of late I have thought of you much; and now, my thoughts and feelings are all suddenly awakened to a new and earnest interest in your welfare. Do you ever think of me, Alfred? Do you remember the time when we stood by the grave of our parents—you a boy of fourteen, and I a mere child? How often, of late, has that scene come up from my memory! I had scarcely felt our bereavement; but the tears that were then upon your face attested the keenness of your suffering. The loss to you was a sadder one than to me, Alfred

—far sadder. I scarcely felt the change; but you lost every thing when we lost our mother."

So vividly did this recall to Alfred Lovell the past that his eyes became blinded with tears, and he had to wipe them away before he could finish the letter. Folding the paper, after reading the last line, he bent his eyes upon the floor, and sat musing for some time. A man, when surrounded with difficulties, and ready to be overcome by them, is very apt, in looking at any thing presented to him, to inquire how far it is likely to afford relief in his pressing emergency. In thinking of his sister, Lovell's mind instantly reverted to the ten thousand dollars she was to receive as her portion on reaching the age of eighteen years. Then followed the desire to have, at least, the use of it, for a time, in business.

"Ten thousand dollars would carry me through all my difficulties," said he. "I

would pay her a higher interest for its use than she could obtain anywhere else."

He checked himself, for there came into his mind the thought that he was meeting his sister's affectionate advances in a spirit of selfish calculation. In a little while, however, his mind took up the train of reflections which had been broken. The pressure upon him was great, and he could not turn himself away from the suddenly presented hope of relief.

"But all this will not pay my notes," said he, arousing himself from a train of reflections in which he was framing in his mind a suitable answer to return to Mary —one that would tend to serve the selfish purpose which had arisen in his mind spontaneously. "I must get money somewhere. With this hope of aid in the future, it will not do to give up now."

For three hours Lovell tried faithfully to borrow a sum sufficient to meet his payments for that day; but he tried in vain. Two thousand dollars were yet to make

up when he returned to his store at one o'clock, after having exhausted every means of raising money. A mode of raising the sum required to meet his payments for the day had been suggested to his mind, and it was to think over the matter that he now returned. When the suggestion first came, it was instantly rejected. It was presented again, and this time he looked at it for a moment. Finally, as every expedient failed, he began to ponder it more seriously. After returning to his store, Lovell sat down to think as earnestly and as conclusively as possible.

"This, or ruin," he at length exclaimed, starting up and moving hurriedly about for a short time. "Mary will let me have the use of her money, I know, and all can be made right. No one will be injured, no one need ever know that such a transaction was made."

In an evil hour the tempter prevailed. Alfred Lovell made two fictitious notes, of two thousand dollars each, in his own fa-

vour, and endorsed thereon the name of a wealthy New York house, the signature of which he had in his possession. On these notes he readily obtained the cash from a broker with whom he was well acquainted.

This done, he lost no time in replying to Mary's letter.

"My dear sister," he wrote, "your affectionate letter reached me to-day, and deeply touched my feelings; the more, so perhaps, because it found me troubled and depressed in spirits. Ah, Mary! you say truly, that I lost every thing in losing my mother. Thrust out among strangers, where were none to sympathize with me, to take me kindly by the hand, or to breathe a word of tender regard in my ear, I suffered more than I will attempt to describe; and, worst of all, was exposed to evils in many dangerous and alluring forms. I feel—painfully feel—that I am not to-day what I would have been had my mother lived—not what I would have been, Mary, if the love and care of a gentle

sister had been mine. It was unjust, to me at least, that early and perfect separation. For your tender letter, my heart thanks you. Let us be, in the future, as we should have been in the past—brother and sister in truth, and not in name only."

To this came quickly a reply from Mary, breathing even a warmer spirit of sisterly affection than did her first letter.

"Can you not make me a short visit, Alfred?" said she. "It is long since we met. I would so like to look upon your face once more."

Alfred answered this by promising, as soon as his business would permit him to leave New York for a few days, to make her a short visit. The ease with which Lovell obtained cash on forged paper, led him to repeat the same dishonest and dangerous mode of financiering, until he was comparatively easy in money matters. It was far from his purpose to wrong any one in these transactions. He meant to provide for the fictitious paper when it came due. All he

wanted was time to get Mary's ten thousand dollars into his hands.

A few weeks after Mary received her first letter from Alfred, he wrote to her that he was about making her a visit, and mentioned the time when she might expect him. On the day that he was to come, Mary's heart beat tumultuously from the time the morning broke until the hour when the stage arrived that brought her brother. She was standing at the garden-gate, looking for his appearance, when the stage drove up.

"My dear sister!" Alfred exclaimed, as he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her, "how glad I am to meet you once more."

There was something disordered in the look and manner of Alfred, that seemed strange to his sister—something that caused her to shrink from him. A few minutes only elapsed before she comprehended its meaning. He was more than half-intoxicated! Oh, what a thrill of pain went

through her heart as this truth flashed upon her!

The sudden change in her manner was perceived by Alfred, who, like most persons in his particular situation, tried to conceal his lapse from sobriety by affecting a nonchalant air, thus exposing himself more fully to all eyes.

"Alfred," said Mr. Edwards, the uncle, soon after the young man's appearance, "you are fatigued with riding; will you not go up-stairs and lie down for an hour or two?"

"Fatigued! Bless your heart, uncle," replied the young man, "that is something to which I am a stranger. Oh no! a trip across the Rocky Mountains wouldn't fatigue me, much less a few hours' ride like this. But how well you look, aunt!" addressing Mrs. Edwards. "I don't see that you have grown a day older since I was a boy."

The aunt replied gravely. But this only caused Alfred to be gayer and more talkative than before. Poor Mary! How her

heart did ache! Was it thus she met her brother? Alas! were not her mother's fears painfully realized!

For several hours the family were compelled to bear with the young man's rude familiarity, the effect of partial intoxication; then, as the brandy, of which he had taken freely, began to die in him, he grew dull and silent. Soon after tea he was induced to retire, when Mary sought her own chamber, to spend the night in weeping.

When the brother and sister met at the breakfast-table, on the next morning, both looked as if they had passed sleepless nights. This was really the case only with Mary. Alfred had slept soundly enough; but his nerves, long accustomed to artificial stimulants, were, as was usual in the mornings, completely unstrung. All the lines of his face were drawn down, and the muscles unsteady. In lifting his cup of coffee, his hand trembled so that he spilled a portion of the contents on the table; and when he

got it to his lips, he swallowed eagerly, like one consuming with thirst.

"I'm so nervous," he said, apologetically. "I don't know what is coming over me."

"You are a very young man, Alfred," said Mr. Edwards, seriously, "to have so unsteady a hand. Mine scarcely shows a tremor;" and he held his hand up steadily.

"In the city," replied Alfred, "none have the robust health you denizens of the country enjoy."

"I'm afraid your city habits, more than your city atmosphere, affects your nerves," said the uncle.

"There may be something in that," was coolly replied. "We keep later hours, and confine ourselves too much within doors. We have, besides, more excitement, and that exhausts the nervous energy."

By the time Alfred had taken a hot cup of coffee, his nerves became a little steadier, and the peculiar haggard, exhausted expression, which all had noticed, began to give way to a lively play of the features.

Soon after breakfast, he made an excuse to go down to the village, half a mile distant from the dwelling of Mr. Edwards. When he returned, he was in a gayer humour than when he went away; and Mary perceived that he had been drinking freely.

During the afternoon he went over to the village again. He did not come back until some time after night had closed in, and then he was so much under the influence of liquor that he came in staggering, and had to be guided by Mr. Edwards up to his chamber, where he fell across the bed with all his clothes on, and in this condition passed a greater part of the night.

It seemed as if the young man was possessed to make the very worst possible exhibition of himself.

The shock of all this to Mary was terrible. When she saw her brother come reeling in, after having long waited for his return in a state of trembling anxiety, the effect was so painful that she grew sick, and, in a little while, fainted away. On the next

morning she did not come down to breakfast; and on going to her room, it was found that she was too ill to rise.

It was ten o'clock before Alfred joined the family. Mr. Edwards met him as he came down from his room, with a grave face.

"Good morning," said Alfred.

"Good morning," returned Mr. Edwards, coldly.

"I've rather overslept myself," said Alfred.

"I don't much wonder at this!" remarked his uncle, in a voice that somewhat amazed the young man.

"Why do you say that?" he inquired, his brows contracting as he spoke.

"I hardly think my words require explanation!" said Mr. Edwards. "But to speak plainly, I regret exceedingly your present visit, seeing that it has brought only pain to one for whom you profess to cherish affection."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Alfred, in a stern voice.

"Last night," replied Mr. Edwards, "you came home so much intoxicated that it was with difficulty we could get you up to your bed. The shock to your sister was so great, that she is seriously ill in consequence."

At these words Alfred sank into a chair, nerveless, his eyes drooping to the floor. There was silence for nearly a minute, at the end of which time Mr. Edwards said—

"Alfred, it is plain that you have gone far in the road to destruction. So young, and yet so abandoned to a vice that ruins every thing! How could you come here to blast, with your presence, the happiness of so guileless, so innocent, so loving a creature as your sister? It was not the act of a true brother."

The first part of this sentence touched the young man's feelings; the last stung him to the quick, and awoke his anger. Arising, with some dignity of manner, he replied in a cold, offended tone of voice—

"I will blast her happiness with my presence no longer. Good morning, sir!"

And he went hurriedly from the house, not heeding the voice of Mr. Edwards, who called after him.

It so happened that the voices of the two men were louder in this exciting interview than either of them supposed, and ascended to the room of Mary, who heard distinctly nearly all that passed between them. As Alfred left the house, she sprang from the bed upon which she was lying, and throwing open the window, called after him in a voice of anguish. Alfred heard her, but he merely turned, without stopping, and waved an adieu with his hand. Again she called, leaning eagerly from the window; but he heeded not, nor paused.

Ill with fever and nervous prostration, this sudden excitement, followed by as sudden a reaction, suspended again the vital action in Mary's system. Her uncle was still standing where Alfred had left him, when he was startled by the jar of some heavy

body falling above. Ascending the stairs at a bound, and opening the door of Mary's room, he discovered his niece lying senseless upon the floor.

The effect of this added shock was of the most serious character. Mary was dangerously ill for a week. Then she began to recover slowly, and nearly two weeks more elapsed ere she was well enough to leave her chamber. As she gained strength enough to sit up, her mind began to turn, with a troubled interest, to Alfred! Alas! how sadly had the fears of their mother being realized.

One day (it was after her strength had sufficiently returned to sit up most of her time) Mary took from its place of deposite the letter of her mother, and read it over again, weeping at every sentence. Then, refolding, she placed it in her bosom, and clasping her hands together, looked up and prayed audibly—

"Heavenly Father, call back my wandering brother! Oh, save him from the

direful evil into which he has fallen! Give strength and intelligence of purpose to enable me to follow and win him from the error of his ways!"

In that moment of devotion, when the earnest love of her pure heart went forth unselfishly toward her brother, she resolved to save the erring one at any sacrifice she dared to make.

From that moment Mary recovered rapidly. A month afterward—not once in that time had she heard from Alfred—she said to her aunt—

"I have, after much prayer and reflection, made up my mind to do a thing that I know both you and uncle will disapprove."

"What is that?" inquired Mrs. Edwards, looking surprised and alarmed.

"I am going to New York."

"What!"

"I am going to New York, to see after Alfred."

"Are you beside yourself, Mary?" said Mrs. Edwards.

"No, aunt. My mind was never clearer nor calmer. You have never seen that."

And, as she spoke, she handed Mrs. Edwards her mother's letter. After reading this over twice, the aunt, who was a good deal affected by it, sat silent for the space of many minutes. Some thoughts passed through her mind that were far from being pleasant. She it was who had caused so rigid a separation, even from the first, between the brother and sister; and this letter of the dying mother came to her with a strong rebuke.

"Mary," said she, at length, in a voice slightly disturbed, "you must not think of doing as you have just said."

"Aunt!" returned Mary, speaking strongly, "my mother has spoken to me from the grave. Can I disregard her solemn injunction? No! If my own heart did not prompt me to what I am about doing, this weight of responsibility that she has laid upon me would be sufficient."

"Mary, Mary! this cannot be. Some other means must be adopted."

"No influence as strong as mine can be brought to bear upon him," quickly replied Mary. "On me the duty of reclaiming him devolves, and it must not be delegated to another."

It was in vain that Mrs. Edwards sought to influence the mind of her niece. Her resolution to do what she said remained unaltered.

When the matter came before the uncle, he was greatly excited about it, and said that he would permit no such ridiculous conduct on the part of Mary. But he was not long in discovering that the maiden, young as she was, had formed a resolution which was not in the least to be shaken. Neither angry denunciation nor kind persuasion had the smallest effect upon her. Being of legal age, she was now free from all constraining influence. Reluctantly, at length, the aunt and uncle were forced to let her go; and she started, alone, on her

mission of love. We say alone in the true sense. An escort was obtained for her, and she was consigned to the care of some friends of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in New York; but, so far as her mission was concerned, she was alone.

When Alfred Lovell went back, humbled, mortified, and disappointed in the real object of his visit to his sister, he felt like a criminal with the hounds of the law upon his track. In the desperation of his feelings, when ruin stared him in the face, he had, to escape that ruin, madly resorted to forgery—not with the intent to wrong any one, but as a temporary expedient to obtain relief; and now, no way to escape the dreadful consequences of that act presented itself.

"Accursed brandy!" he muttered between his teeth, as he sat in his room, with a bottle of the fiery poison before him, on the night of his return to New York. "Accursed brandy! Once you came between me and a fortune; and once between me and salvation from ruin. Accursed thing!"

Like a maniac, he ground his teeth, while an insane light flashed angrily from his eyes.

"I shall go mad!" he at length said, in a calmer voice: "Mad! mad!" And he poured a glass full of brandy as he spoke. "In my bane let me find an antidote."

Eagerly he swallowed this large draught of spirits. Then covering both hands over his face, he leaned back in the large chair in which he was sitting, and rocked himself with a quick, nervous motion. After a while this motion ceased, and his heavy, apoplectic breathing told that he was asleep.

It was long after midnight when he awoke. The lamp was flickering in its expiring pulsations, when he started up from a terrible dream of the court-house and prison, and it was minutes before he was able to comprehend his true position. Then with a heavy groan, he threw himself across the bed, and thus passed the hours till morning.

Already Lovell had forged paper to the

amount of six thousand dollars, and still he was under a pressure. The terrible fear that now came over him, in view of the failure to make a right impression on his sister's mind, prevented a further progress in that dangerous road. To retrace his steps was now the most earnest thought in his mind. But how was he to get back? He might struggle on and keep afloat for a few months longer, but when the forged paper came due, he would have no means of lifting it. He shuddered, as a thought of the consequences glanced through his mind.

One day, a few weeks after Lovell's return from the visit to his sister, he had just succeeded in raising sufficient money to meet his payments, and was beginning to turn his thoughts on the ways and means of getting through to-morrow, when a sheriff's officer presented himself and arrested him. For some cause the suspicions of the holders of one of his fictitious notes were aroused, and on taking it to the firm whose

endorsement it bore, it was promptly pronounced a forgery.

So completely prostrated was the young man by this event, that he made no attempt to get bail; but went to the "Tombs;" and as he sat in despair in his cell, hearkened to the suggestions of the tempter, and meditated self-destruction.

He had been for an hour within the prison's gloomy walls. Thought had driven him almost to madness. Hurriedly passed in review before him his brief career, and he saw the follies of his life in all their darker shades. "I have dragged ruin down upon my own head!" he murmured, as he wrung his hands in agony. "Disgrace, exposure!" he shuddered. "I cannot meet these!"

There was a small knife in the pocket of the wretched man, and his hand was upon it. He was slowly drawing it forth, when a key rattled suddenly in the lock of the door, which, in a moment after, swung open and a woman, closely vailed, entered.

"My brother!" she exclaimed, drawing aside the vail, and showing the face of Mary. "My brother!" and she sank down beside him on the prison couch where he sat, and, throwing an arm around his neck, hid her face on his breast, and wept violently.

"O Alfred! Alfred!" she sobbed, after the lapse of a short time, "why are you here?"

"And why are you here, Mary?" asked the young man, in as firm a voice as he could assume—yet its steadiness did not conceal the agony that was in his heart.

"I have come to save you, Alfred; if that be possible."

"It is too late, Mary," replied Alfred; "too late!"

"Say not so, my brother. It is never too late while life throbs in the veins."

"It is too late, Mary, too late!" repeated the young man wildly.

"Be calm, my brother," said Mary, herself growing calm, and speaking with a

kind of enthusiasm. Tell me why you are here?"

"Do you not know?" quickly asked the brother.

"I arrived in the city but an hour ago, and learned, on inquiring for you, that you were here. But the cause was not stated."

"Seek no further knowledge on this subject," said Alfred. "Go home again, and forget that you ever had a brother."

"Alfred," replied Mary, with much feeling, "I came here to be to you a true sister; to make any sacrifice in my power to secure your good. Tell me, then, why you are here, that I may procure your release. Confide in me."

"Go, Mary, go!" said the young man, pushing her away.

"I will not leave you, Alfred, except to procure your release."

"I am a criminal!" exclaimed the brother with a sudden energy of expression.

The face of Mary grew instantly pale,

and a shudder passed over her. Seeing the effect of his words, Lovell said—

"But not in heart, Mary. I did not mean to wrong any one."

He then, in a calm voice, related to his sister all the particulars of his case, concealing nothing in extenuation, except his purpose to get the use of her money. When he had done, Mary arose from the bed upon which she had been sitting.

"I will see you again in a short time," said she, moving toward the door, on the outside of which stood the turnkey.

"What are you going to do?" asked Alfred.

"Procure your release," replied Mary.

"Mary!" But she was gone.

It was late in the afternoon, and an old gentleman, senior member of a large importing-house in Pearl street, sat reading a newspaper, when the door of his counting-room, in which he was alone, opened, and a young lady stepped in. As she drew aside her vail, he saw that her face, which

was pale and had a look of distress, was one of singular beauty. Not a brilliant beauty, but one in which sweetness and innocence were leading features.

"Mr. R—— ?" said she, in a low, unsteady voice.

"My name," replied the old gentleman, as he arose and offered her a chair.

She sat down, but was so overcome by her feelings, that it was some time before she could utter any thing further. At length she said—

"My brother is in prison at your instance."

"Your brother! Who is he?"

"A young man, who, in great extremity, madly resorted to the forgery of your name, in order to obtain money."

"Lovell?"

"Yes, Alfred Lovell. But he did not mean to wrong you in the end," said Mary in a pleading voice. "It was only an expedient."

The merchant shook his head and looked serious.

"I have just seen him in prison, and this to me is his solemn asseveration. I believe it."

There was an air about the young lady that inspired Mr. R—— with a feeling of both interest and respect.

"Your brother," he replied, "is now in the hands of the law. He is beyond my control."

"I am just of legal age," said Mary, after a pause of some moments, "and am to receive ten thousand dollars in my own right. This I will devote to the safety of my brother. As orphan children, we were separated, and now, after many years, my heart turns to him again, and I am ready to sacrifice every thing for him. Have you a son and daughter, sir?"

The tone and look with which this last sentence was spoken, touched the merchant's feelings, and softened his heart.

Before Mary came in, he had felt exceedingly angry toward Lovell, and was resolved to let the law have full course, if it condemned the unhappy young man to an expiation of his criminal error within the walls of a state-prison.

"What can I do in the matter?" he asked in a voice that was changed and much subdued.

"If I meet all the loss that has been sustained, so that harm comes to no one, will it not be in your power to save my brother from the legal penalties of his error?"

The merchant cast his eyes to the floor, and remained for some time thoughtful.

"I do not know you," said he, at length, looking up.

Mary understood his meaning fully. A warm tinge came to her cheeks, as she replied—

"True; but if I can bring you evidence to show that what I say about having ten thousand dollars is true, will you pro-

cure my brother's immediate release from prison?"

"Your friends will not permit you to use this money in the way you propose."

"It was my mother's before she died," answered Mary, with a good deal of feeling, "and I will use it as she would do were she now living. No friends can control its disposition. Do you know Mr. Edward P——?"

"Very well."

"Come with me to his house."

"Are you in his family?"

"Yes, while I remain in the city."

"You do not live in New York?"

"No sir."

The merchant was more and more favourably impressed with Mary every moment; and to this favourable impression was rapidly succeeding a feeling of lively interest. After another long pause for reflection, he said—

"And you will secure all parties from

loss in consequence of your brother's unfortunate errors."

"I will—and you may trust my word."

"But you do not know to what extent he has committed forgeries."

"He has assured me, solemnly, that the whole amount of money obtained by him in this way was but six thousand dollars."

There was another long pause, and then the merchant said, as he arose—

"Remain here for a quarter of an hour, and I will see what can be done."

How anxiously did the sister wait for Mr. R——'s return. It was over half an hour before he came back.

"Take that to the keeper of the prison," said he, as he came in, extending, as he spoke, a paper, "and he will set your brother free."

"May the Lord bless you, and reward you a thousand-fold!" replied Mary, lifting her tearful eyes upward, as she seized the paper. Then turning quickly away, she

said, in a hurried voice, as she was leaving the room—

"I will see you again, sir."

For nearly an hour after Mary left his cell, the unhappy young man paced the narrow apartment in which he was confined, his feelings alternating between hope and fear, shame, despair, and bitter self-condemnation. In that short space of time was recorded the rebuking memories of years.

"Oh! how madly have I pulled down ruin upon my own head!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms into the air, soon after Mary had gone on her errand of mercy. "For the mere pleasure of sense, I have sacrificed my best interests on earth and almost my hopes of heaven."

Exhausted by the violence of his emotion, Lovell at length dropped upon his bed, and burying up his face, lay suffering most intensely for a time longer. As he lay thus, the door of his cell opened. He heard the key in the wards, and the noise of the door as it turned upon its hinges;

he heard, also, light feet upon the paved floor, approaching him quickly, but he did not look up. A hand was placed upon his arm. It was that of his sister, and he knew the touch. Still, he did not look up.

"Alfred," said a low, eager voice, "come! You are free!"

"Free!" returned the young man, now rising up, but slowly. "Free, did you say, sister?"

"Yes, Alfred, free. Come! let us hasten from this dreadful place."

"And you have done this, Mary?"

"Yes, Alfred, I have done it; or rather, it has been done through my intercession. But come, brother, come! I cannot bear to have you remain here a single moment longer."

"God bless you, Mary!" said Alfred with deep fervour—"God bless you! I do not deserve such a sister. You are my good angel. Oh, that you had power to lead me from the labyrinth of evil into which my feet have strayed."

The young man still remained sitting on the bed.

"Come!" repeated Mary.

"I had better remain here, than go out and be as I have been," murmured Alfred half to himself.

"Will you do one thing?" asked Mary; "one thing for my sake. All that I possess have I pledged for you. Will"——

"Speak, sister! If it is my life, it is yours."

"It is a little thing in itself, but great in its consequences."

"I promise."

"Will you abandon the cup of bewilderment?"

"Mary!" said Alfred, interrupting her—he spoke in a solemn voice—"I promise, before Heaven, to do this."

"Then you are safe! Come!" responded Mary in eager tones.

The young man arose, and followed his sister out. A carriage awaited them, in which they drove to an hotel. On the next

morning they left the city. An assignment of the business was then made in New York for the benefit of his creditors. All the forged paper was taken up by Mary, notwithstanding the opposition of her uncle —who was angry beyond measure at her conduct in the affairs of her brother—and, being destroyed, left no evidence against him. The remainder of her property she placed in his hands as a basis for new business efforts. In these, guided by former experience, he was more successful than in his former trial.

Five or six years have elapsed, and Alfred Lovell is now an active member in a rapidly growing house in Philadelphia, the senior partner of which is the husband of his sister. Faithfully has he kept his promise to Mary, made in the gloomy cell of a prison. And, verily, for her self-sacrificing, sisterly devotion, she has had her reward.

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

"I WONDER what I shall get for a New-year's gift?" said Ellen Grant, on the day before New Year.

"I'll tell you what I'd like to have," said little Mary. "I'd like to have one of the biggest wax-dolls that could be found. As big as a real baby, and a great deal bigger, too. Wouldn't you, sister?"

"No; but I'd like to have—let me see what I would like to have;" and Ellen sat and thought for a few moments. "Yes, I'd like to have a shawl just like Aunt Mary's."

"And I'd like to have a pony," spoke

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up Harry. "Oh! I wish father would buy me a pony for a New-year's gift."

Thus the children talked, first wishing for one thing, and then for another, while Aunt Prudence sat knitting and listening to what they said. At last little blue-eyed Mary, the merry pet of the house, came, and leaning her arms upon the knees of Aunt Prudence, looked up into her face, and said—

"What are you going to give me for a New-year's gift, Aunt Prudence?"

"A kiss, dear," replied Aunt Prudence. "Won't that do?"

"I want something besides a kiss. I get kisses every day."

"Oh yes, and what are you going to give me?" spoke up Ellen.

"And me, Aunty?" said Harry.

"Wait until to-morrow, and we'll see. But I don't hear any thing about what you are going to give, only about what you expect to receive. Now isn't that a little selfish?" I'm sure you might make somebody

a present of something, and thus be made to feel how true the words are, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. What do you say, children? You have a good many shillings in your money-boxes, and can make New-year's presents as well as anybody else."

"Sure enough," exclaimed Ellen; "so we can. I never thought of that. I've got two dollars in my money-box. What shall I buy? Mother shall have a present, and so shall father."

"And so shall Aunt Prudence," said little Mary. "What shall I buy you, Aunt Prudence?"

"Can't you think of somebody," replied the aunt, "to whom you might make a New-year's present that would be useful? There are a great many people who haven't even the comforts of life, much less its luxuries. There are hundreds of poor children who never think of toys; and for whom New-year's day comes and goes, without bringing a present of any kind."

Mrs. Grant came into the room at this moment, and the conversation was interrupted; for Aunt Prudence put her finger upon her lip, and the children understood her to mean by it, that they were to say nothing about New-year's presents to their mother, until she had an opportunity to speak with them further on the subject; which opportunity soon occurred.

Not far from where Mr. Grant, the father of these children, resided, lived a poor man, named Barker, who, from sickness, had not been able to do any work for many months. He had four children. The two oldest, William and Jane, were only ten and twelve years of age; and Hetty and Philip were much younger. Since her father's sickness, Jane had got herself a place in a family to look after some children, for which she received a dollar a week. This, with about two dollars a week, which the mother earned by sewing, was all the family had to live upon.

New-year's day came with a sober face

to the inmates of poor Mr. Barker's comfortless home. The children looked for no presents; for even a full supply of nourishing food was lacking, and their clothes were now worn almost into tatters.

For breakfast they had some milk and water, and a dish of fried potatoes. Hunger made these sweet to their taste, and they ate with a keen relish. After the table was cleared away, and the room swept up, Mrs. Barker sat down to her sewing —there was no holiday for her—and Mr. Barker took a book, and as he lay upon his bed, gave each of the children a lesson.

"I wish they would let Jane come home to-day," said he, after he had given the lessons. "It is New Year, and they might give the poor child a few hours' holiday."

As he finished speaking, the door opened, and Jane came in. The smile that half awoke upon the father's lips died away, as he saw that tears were in the eyes and glistening upon the cheeks of his child.

"Jane, dear," said he tenderly, "what is the matter?" as the child came hastily across the room, the moment she closed the door, and sinking down upon a chair by the bed, hid her face among the clothes, and sobbed.

Mrs. Barker threw aside her work, and came and laid her hand gently on the neck of her daughter, repeating what the father had said, with yet a more earnest and tender expression:

"Jane, dear, what is the matter?"

But it was some time before Jane could find voice to express her grief. At last, putting her hand in her pocket, she took out a dollar, her last week's wages, and handing it to her mother, said, in broken accents—

"They've sent me home, mother."

"Why, dear?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"Because my clothes are poor, and my shoes are all worn out. They say I'm not fit to be seen in a decent body's house."

And the child wept and sobbed again.

Poor Mr. Barker caught his breath several times, like a person who strives to conceal the emotion that nearly overmasters him; and Mrs. Barker, unable to contain her feelings, leaned her head down upon Jane's shoulder to hide her tears. The little ones, understanding that all this was an expression of pain and grief, gathered, weeping, about their mother.

At last, Mrs. Barker, feeling that such weakness on her part was not right, raised herself and said, with a voice as steady as she could command—

"Don't take it so to heart, Jane. We will buy you a pair of shoes with this dollar, and I will alter you one of my old frocks to-day, so that you can go back tomorrow, looking quite smart."

"But you want the dollar, mother, in the family," replied Jane, looking up and drying her tears. "It won't do for me to spend it all for a pair of shoes."

"You must have shoes, you know, my child. Those you have are all worn out.

We can't expect people to keep you, if you have not decent clothes. So we will buy you the shoes, and trust that Providence will help us to get along. If we use your dollar in the family this week, you cannot earn us any thing next week, nor, perhaps, at all. But if we buy the shoes, and you go back, you will bring us home a dollar next week, and so on, week after week. It is, therefore, best for us that you should have the shoes. Don't you think so?"

And Mrs. Barker turned to her husband.

"I do, certainly," he replied.

And so it was determined that the shoes should be bought, and that Jane should see about the house and cook their frugal dinner, while the mother altered one of her old frocks to fit her.

The old dress was brought down from a closet up-stairs, turned over and over by Mrs. Barker, and examined in every part, before she put the scissors into it. It was very thin in many places, and worn clear through in others.

"It isn't worth the labour of making over," she at length said, letting it fall into her lap. "I am sure it won't hold together two weeks."

Just as she said this, some one knocked at the door, and William ran and opened it. A coloured man stepped in, and putting down a large basket on the floor, said—

"I was told to leave this here;" and turned and went out before any one could ask him a question.

"What does that mean?" asked Mr. Barker, raising himself up from the bed. "There must be some mistake."

"We will soon see," replied his wife, laying aside her work, and taking hold of the basket, which proved to be heavy. It was covered with a newspaper, which, upon removal, showed a package neatly done up, and marked, "New-year's gift for Jane."

Jane, to whom this was handed, hurriedly broke the string, and out fell a pair of strong leather shoes, very little worn,

and two pairs of warm stockings. But there was still something else in the package, which, upon examination, proved to be a handsome calico frock.

While Jane was examining the contents of her package, the mother was going deeper into the basket. The next things taken out were a pair of India-rubber shoes, a package of sugar, one of tea, another of coffee, and another containing six or seven pounds of rice, each marked, "A New-year's gift for Mrs. Barker." Then there was a very good jacket and a pair of trousers for William, and shoes and stockings for Philip and Hetty; and at last a paper of sweet Malaga grapes, marked, "For Mr. Barker," and as much New-year's cake as could be crowded into the basket between the other things.

Surprised, bewildered, yet happy even to tears, was that poor family on this long-remembered New-year's morning.

"Where are they all from, mother?" asked Mr. Barker, as soon as he could

speak, after the excitement of the first surprise was over.

"Heaven only knows," replied Mrs. Barker. "They are sent from above."

"And to God we are thankful," said the sick man, lifting his eyes upward. "He that feedeth the ravens will not suffer us to want."

"I know where they came from?" exclaimed Jane, breaking in upon her father's expressions of thankfulness, and holding up the frock she had received at the moment she stood so much in need of one. "This is Ellen Grant's dress; I remember it very well. She wore it the day I went there, a few weeks ago."

"And this is Harry Grant's jacket," said William.

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"Oh, yes. I know it right well. I've seen him wear it many a time."

"Bless the children!" ejaculated Mr. Barker, whose mind had a strong suspicion of the truth. "If it is their present—if

they have remembered us in their happiness—may Heaven reward them a hundredfold!"

Other evidences besides those educed by William and Jane, satisfied the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Barker that these timely presents came from the Grants. Jane tried on her frock and shoes, and they fitted her as well as if they had been made for her. She stayed at home a couple of hours, and then went back to her place, looking so much smarter than when she went away, that the lady said—

"You should have worn these clothes before."

"But I hadn't them," replied Jane.

"Where, then, did they come from?" asked the lady.

Thus questioned, Jane related, in the most artless, yet touching manner, the distress of her father and mother when she went home; and then told of the timely relief that came from friends unknown. The lady's feelings were touched. She

spoke with unusual kinkness to Jane, and told her that she had a good deal of cast-off clothing, which her mother could have to make up for her and the children; and that if she would be a good girl, she would keep her as long as she liked to remain.

When Jane told this at home, they were still more rejoiced.

We cannot stop to tell of all the beautiful presents that Ellen Grant and Mary and Harry received on New-year's day. Papa and mamma had not forgotten them. Nor had papa and mamma been forgotten by the children, who, under the direction of Anna Prudence, had laid out all the money in their money-boxes in order to buy presents; and in bestowing them, they did indeed prove it to be true, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Evening had come—the evening of New-year's day—and all the children were in the parlour with papa, mamma, and Aunt Prudence, when a servant brought in a note directed to Mr. and Mrs. Grant.

On breaking the seal, Mr. Grant read aloud:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Grant:—For your generous kindness to us this day, our hearts are full of gratitude. Your presents came in a moment of great need, when we knew not which way to turn, and fully supplied that need. Jane was sent home from her place this morning, because her shoes were worn out, and her clothes not decent for her to be seen in a respectable family. The frock and shoes just fitted her, and she went back with a light heart. Comfortable shoes and warm stockings were needed by the children above all things. You have supplied them, and may Heaven reward you a hundred and a hundred fold. Forgive this expression of our gratitude; but I felt that I could not sleep to-night without letting you know the real good you had done, and the warmth of our thankfulness.

"Mary Barker."

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Grant. "Do you understand it, mother?"

"Not a word of it," replied Mrs. Grant, with a look of surprise. "There is some mistake. We are receiving thanks for the benefits conferred by others. It is good to remember the poor; but we have forgotten them this day. That touching letter of Mrs. Barker's rebukes me deeply."

"Why, what's the matter, Ellen? and Harry? and Mary? What ails you, children?" asked Mr. Grant, looking from face to face of the little ones, and not being able to comprehend the expression that rested upon each.

The tears were actually starting from Ellen's eyes, while smiles went flitting about her lips. Harry was laughing with ill-suppressed joy.

"Let me explain," said Aunt Prudence. And she told how the children had spent their money in buying tea, sugar, coffee, rice, stockings, and other things for a New-year's present to the family of poor Mr.

Barker, and how they had sent clothing also, that she had picked out for them from such as they had outgrown or thrown aside. But how Mrs. Barker knew where they came from, was more than she could tell.

"And my children have done this!" said Mr. Grant, with much emotion, drawing them to his side, and pressing his lips tightly upon their pure young foreheads. "How happy they have made me! And they, too, are happy—happier in thus giving, I am sure, than they ever were in receiving."

Mrs. Grant fairly cried for joy, to think that her children had done so good an act.

As for Ellen and Harry, and little blue-eyed Mary, they had never felt so glad at heart in their lives as they did on that happy New-year's evening.

Who will be happy like them on the coming New-year's day? There isn't a little boy or girl, we think, who reads this

book, that may not do some good with his or her pennies, sixpences, or shillings, and prove the truth of that noble saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE TRIAL.

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TRY.

"I CAN'T do it, father," said a little boy.

"Try, my son."

"Indeed, I can't, father."

"But try."

"I know I can't."

"Only try, my son. There is nothing like trying."

The boy was ten years old. He stood with his father on one side of a narrow stream with high banks. The water below was rapid, but not deep.

"But suppose I fall in?" and the boy held back.

"You needn't be afraid. You can jump entirely over with the greatest ease. Come, now—I know you can do it."

The boy still hesitated, but his father continued to urge him. At length he made the leap, and alighted a foot and a half beyond the edge of the bank, on the other side.

"I knew you could do it, Harry," said the father, in a voice of commendation. "I knew my boy could jump over, if he tried. Never be afraid to try."

"But if it had been twice as wide, shouldn't I have been afraid to try?"

"You should be afraid to attempt any impossible, improper, or dangerous thing—as jumping from a house, or into the water. But any thing that it is right and proper for you to do, and which may be done with a little or even considerable exertion, you should try to do."

"I can't do it," said little Harry Sanford to himself, next day at school, dropping his pencil upon his slate, and leaning his head upon his hand, in a desponding mood.

"Try." It seemed as if some one had spoken to him. But it was only his own

thoughts speaking. What had passed on the day before, then came into his mind; he took up his pencil, studied his sum again, and then applied himself more earnestly. All soon became clear. The sum was no longer difficult. In a little while the answer came out to a unit.

"There is nothing like trying," he said to himself, with an inward smile of satisfaction, repeating the words of his father on the previous day.

At sixteen, Mr. Sanford said to his son:

"Henry, I am very much hurried, and Mr. Herbert, my bookkeeper, has been sick for a good many days. I hardly think he will get out for a fortnight to come. It is necessary to have our books balanced now, as it is the regular period for doing it; and besides, I want to see the state of each account. So I shall have to get you to stay at home from school for a week, and undertake the task of furnishing a balance-sheet."

"I can't do it, indeed, father."

"You can try." This was said significantly.

The lad said no more; but he felt that his father was about to impose upon him a task that he could not possibly do. Knowing that he was in earnest, and that, therefore, all objections would be of no avail, he prepared himself to make an effort that he was sure would be unavailing. On the next day, instead of going to school, he went to his father's store. He had studied bookkeeping, and knew something of the matter theoretically. Now he was brought right down to the practice, and what to him seemed the most difficult part of it.

"There is some posting yet to be done," said Mr. Sanford, "before the books are ready for balancing. You can do that first. It will take you the whole of to-day, and perhaps a part of to-morrow."

Henry then received a few plain directions, and commenced posting the accounts. At first his mind was confused, and he saw things obscurely. But in the course of an

hour, it was as clear as a bell. By night, he had posted every account from the journal, and without the mistake of a single figure. On the next day he commenced the work of taking the balances, and arranging them under their respective heads of "debtor" and "creditor."

"All this is simple enough," he remarked to himself, toward evening, "but I don't believe that I shall get a balance; I am sure I shall not."

"We will see," said Mr. Sanford quietly, who happened to be standing near, and heard the soliloquy of his son.

Henry blushed, and went on with his work without replying.

In three days all the balances had been struck, and the anxious task of making the additions commenced. They were soon completed.

"What is the result?" asked Mr. Sanford, who had been watching silently the progress of the balance-sheet.

"Just as I expected," returned Henry,

in a fretful voice. "The books don't balance. I was sure I couldn't do it."

"And I was sure you could. Who is to be proved in the wrong?"

"Here is the proof before us both. I have failed."

"Perhaps not. How does the sheet stand?"

"Two hundred and sixty-four dollars too much on the debtor side."

"An error somewhere. You must go over the books again, and see if you cannot find it."

"I might as well look for a needle in a haystack. I am sure that I shall never be able to bring out a balance."

"Try."

Henry turned to the books and commenced the task of going over all the accounts, in order to discover the error. He had not proceeded very far before a mistake of two hundred and sixty dollars was found. This gave him confidence. But the four dollars he searched for in vain.

"It is of no use, father; I cannot find it," he said, after going through the entire set of books.

"It is there, my boy, and must be found," Mr. Sanford replied.

"I am sure I cannot find it."

"Try, Harry. There is nothing like trying."

"I have tried."

"Try still harder. The books must balance."

"It's no use, they won't balance," was the murmuring thought of Henry Sanford, as he resumed the discouraging task of searching for an error of four dollars through the accounts of six months' business.

"Here it is, as I live!" he suddenly exclaimed, ten minutes afterward, throwing down his pen, and turning, with a smiling face, to his father.

"Indeed! Have you found it?"

"Oh yes. The error is in my own addition."

"And so the books are all right, and you

have taken off a balance-sheet. There is nothing like trying, Henry."

"True. But I had never done such a thing before, and no wonder that I doubted my ability."

"All things are possible to them that believe, my son. This is a natural, as well as a spiritual and divine precept. He who is full of doubt, rarely ever accomplishes any great thing. It is to the confident and energetic that success comes. Don't forget this. In determining your ability to do any work, think whether you have a correct knowledge of the first principles required to be brought into operation in the performance of the work. If you have these, only try with a right good will, and you need not fear. I knew that you had advanced far enough in your mathematical studies to be able to do all that I required of you; and you should have known as much yourself. In future, trust more to your own powers of mind, acting by means of first principles."

This lesson was not soon forgotten.

The lad returned to school and remained there for two years longer, when he entered his father's store, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile affairs. He remained there until he was twenty-one years of age, when he became afflicted with the mania of entering into business. Mr. Sanford tried to dissuade him from his purpose, as it was an unpropitious time; but Henry saw a golden harvest before him, and was confident of success. With ten thousand dollars in cash, he started West, and opened a store in Lafayette, Indiana. Very few young men go out from the East for the purpose of doing business in the West, who do not make sundry mistakes at first, that cause a crowd of difficulties to cluster about them. Many break up, in consequence, in a year or two. This arises from the fact that few are thoroughly conversant with the manner of doing business in the West.

On a basis of ten thousand dollars in cash, young Sanford purchased goods, be-

fore starting, to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. His father advised him not to buy so heavily, but he was sanguine of being able to turn every thing around, and meet his six and eight months' notes, with the greatest ease imaginable.

Away he went, full of hope and confidence. It was at least two months before he was able to get a store to suit him; by which time his eight months' notes had but six months to run, and his six months' notes but four months. Nearly a month more was consumed in fitting up. He began to feel a little alarmed. His twenty-five thousand dollars had to be met in three and five months, instead of six and eight, and his cash had been used in various ways, for travelling, fitting up his store, freight, and in the purchase of sundry goods, so freely, that only five thousand dollars remained.

At last he was fairly afloat. His signs were out, his goods ready, and his advertisements floating away on the wings of the country newspapers. Customers came in—

some for credit—some to exchange the produce of their farms—but very few with cash. At the end of three months, he wrote to his father:

"In about thirty days I shall have fifteen thousand dollars to pay, and but ten thousand to do it with. I am altogether disappointed. I can sell goods here, but not for cash. A large part of my business is in produce, which it takes time to get into distant markets. I shall not be able to meet all my payments. What shall I do?"

"I cannot help you any," was Mr. Sanford's reply. "My own payments are unusually heavy. You must manage to get along the best way you can."

This was cold water to the young man's spirits. He had expected to hear that a draft for the amount needed would be sent in time.

"It's no use, father," he wrote briefly. "I cannot get over my six and eight months' payments."

To this letter, in about ten days, he received an answer. He broke the seal hurriedly. Its contents were—

"———, Sept. 18—.

"My dear Henry,

TRY.

Affectionately yours,

H. D. SANFORD."

The letter dropped from his hands. For an instant, both body and mind seemed paralyzed.

"Try," he at length said bitterly. "What mockery!"

It was full an hour before he was sufficiently recovered to think at all. A day passed before he felt at all inclined to act upon the paternal precept, that seemed to have been given so coldly and unfeelingly. After thinking a long time, and looking at the matter in every light and shade, he resolved to write to each one of his creditors, and state to them freely and fully his exact

situation. This was done as soon as determined upon. Two weeks passed, and yet no answer had come. He had already received notifications from the bank where his paper had been sent for collection. Five days only intervened between him and certain dishonour, and the ruin of all his bright anticipations.

"Too bad! too bad!" he was murmuring to himself, one day, when his clerk came in from the post-office with half a dozen letters. It was only by a strong effort that he kept from showing the nervous anxiety with which he broke them open, one after the other, in quick succession. There was a letter from each of the houses from which he had purchased goods, and each letter contained a certificate of deposite in an Eastern bank, sufficient to make up what he had written would be the deficit in his own cash. The letters were encouraging, as well as expressive of regret at the disappointments he had experienced; and there were promises of fur-

ther assistance in meeting the eight months' notes, if any was required. Henry suspected that his father had some agency in this matter; but how much he never knew, for he made no inquiries. A certain feeling of delicacy prevented his doing so.

It took him nearly two years to recover from the effects of the mistake he had committed in purchasing goods so largely for the West, on so small a cash basis. But he remembered the laconic letter of his father, whenever, in some new position of difficulty, he thought of writing to him for aid, and pressed forward.

"You have tried to some purpose, it seems, Henry," said Mr. Sanford to him, about ten years afterward. The young man had just been giving him an account of his business, and of the success that had attended his well-applied efforts.

"Yes. There is nothing like trying, father."

"So I told you as a boy and as a man,

but you never seemed to more than half believe me."

"But I am no skeptic now."

"Because you have actually proved my theory to be true."

"As well as another favourite theory, or sentiment of yours."

"What is that?"

"We only know what we have lived."

THE LITTLE BOY WHO SOMETIMES GOT ANGRY.

THERE was once a little boy, named Jonas White, who had a very bad temper. A very trifling thing would frequently make him get so angry that he hardly knew what he was saying or doing.

His father often talked to him and sometimes had to punish him for giving way to this very wicked disposition; but as the little boy would make no effort to conquer it, he grew worse instead of better.

One day Jonas came in from school, and found that his little sister Emma had some of his playthings. He was not a very good boy; for he did not like to see his sister

enjoying herself with any thing that belonged to him; and this was because he was selfish.

"Give me my playthings!" he cried out in an angry tone of voice, as soon as he saw what Emma was doing.

"Oh, let me play with them, brother, won't you?" Emma asked.

"No, I will not!" the unkind boy replied. "And I'd like to know what business you had to touch my things!"

And so saying, he jerked away the playthings with which Emma was amusing herself; and not content with this, his anger so overcame him, that he pushed her away so suddenly that she fell, and struck her head with a dreadful blow against a large piece of wood that lay upon the floor.

Poor little Emma was so stunned with the blow, that she lay insensible, while the blood flowed from a wound in her head.

In an instant the anger of Jonas disappeared, and he ran to his sister, and endeavoured to lift her up. But when he saw

the blood running out, and trickling down her beautiful dark hair, forming already a pool upon the floor, he became sick at heart with alarm and remorse for what he had done.

His cries of terror brought his mother instantly into the room. She was dreadfully frightened when she saw Emma lying upon the floor; and still more so, when she perceived the deep wound in her head, from which the blood was flowing very fast.

"I did it, mother! I did it! I pushed her over. But I didn't mean to hurt her," cried Jonas, bursting into tears.

When his mother heard this, she felt sick and faint; for she was in bad health, and was very weak.

"What if he has killed her?" she said to herself, as she took Emma in her arms, and laid her upon her own bed.

This thought distressed her exceedingly. She knew Jonas had a quick, bad temper, and the thought that, in a fit of passion, he had killed his sister, was to her a terrible one.

A physician was sent for, who had to cut much of Emma's beautiful hair away, to get at the wound, which he then sewed up. The pain which this produced brought back the little girl to consciousness, and she cried very bitterly while the doctor continued dressing the wound.

Jonas, whose father made him stay in the room all the while that the doctor was sewing up and dressing his sister's head, suffered more than can be described. He deeply repented of what he had done, and resolved that he would try very hard to conquer his unhappy temper.

His father did not punish him, for he knew that punishment would do but little good, if the sad condition of his sister did not produce a change. But he told him about a boy that lived in the same town, several years before, who struck his little brother in anger, and killed him.

"I remember it very well," said he, "and it was a dreadful time for his poor mother. Indeed, I have always thought that it was

the cause of her death, for she never seemed herself again, and was carried to her grave in two months afterward. Her son has grown up to be a man, and still lives in town; but he never seems happy, and nothing goes well with him. He walks about with his eyes cast down, and associates with no one, except so far as his business requires. He seems, and I have no doubt is, a very wretched man; for how can he ever forget that dreadful event?

"And suppose, Jonas, you had killed your sister! The very thought is awful! I have no doubt but that it would have broken your mother's heart. Try then to curb your bad temper, or some dreadful thing, I am afraid, will be the consequence."

Jonas cried bitterly, and determined that he would never get angry with his sister again. As soon as she got well enough to look about her, and be amused with any thing, he brought his toys and playthings, and spread them out before her on the bed, and told her that they were all

her's whenever she wanted to play with them.

He was very much gratified when he saw that Emma was pleased, and would pick up first one little thing and then another, and seem to enjoy the sight of them; much more really pleased than ever he was while selfishly keeping them to himself.

After a while Emma got well again, and was able to come down-stairs and go about as usual. But Jonas never could get angry with her as before. If he felt inclined to be so, he thought instantly about how near he had been to killing her, and this always drove all angry feelings away on the instant. And in trying to correct this bad habit, he learned to be kinder and less selfish toward Emma. He would share his playthings with her, and feel pleasure in her delight.

Still, he often felt his anger rising, and sometimes it would break out, when others opposed him; but he had learned to think about this indulgence of anger as wrong,

and to fear its consequences. By trying to keep it down, he finally gained some power over it, and when he at last grew up to be a man, he was able, by watchfulness, and a trust in Divine more than human strength, to hold it always in check.

THE END.

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